

*K* THE *C. XXXIV*  
**Imposture Defeated \***

OR,

**A Trick to Cheat the DEVIL.**

A

**COMEDY.**

As it was Acted by

**His MAJESTIES Servants,**


AT THE

**THEATRE in Drury-lane.**

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Richard Wellington*, at the *Lute*, in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*,  
MDCXCVIII.

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# T O T H E R E A D E R.

**A**S this trifle of a Comedy, was only a slight piece of Scribble, purely design'd for the Introduction of a little Musick, being no more than a short weeks work, to serve the wants of a thin Playhouse, and Long Vacation; under those little circumstances it needs no Apology for either the Plot or the Writing part of it: It neither sets up for a Play, nor the Author for a Poet: Such as it is, it has served a present Exigence, and so gain'd the Point. I have no Appeal therefore to the Mercy either of the Auditors, or the Reader. 'Tis true, I thrust it into the World; for 'tis the fashion to be in Print. A Play that sees not three Days, however shall meet with some kind Bookseller, that in spite of the Paper Tax, shall take the naked thing into Mercy, and this hasty Brat is however a little longer liv'd, had the Honour of keeping the Stage for five Days Reign, and is not yet under the Fear of Abdication.

Yet as indifferent as I am to the merit of the Comedy (and my Reader I suppose as indifferent) it has one Capital Argument lyes against it; for I stand impeacht (at least the Publick Cry is loud upon that Subject) that I have stolen a Character from a Comedy of Mrs. P——'s, being the Humour of *Bondi* the pretended Blind Man. — I would not willingly be thought so poor a Plagiary, and am far from being guilty of this accusation. For, in the first place, I had that hint from a Novel, and that Play of her's that has such a Character I declare I never Read. 'Tis true, such a one she brought into the House, and made me a Solicitor to the Company to get it Acted, which when I had obtain'd, she very mannerly carry'd the Play to the other House; and had I really taken the Character from her, I had done her no more than a piece of Justice.

PRO-

# PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. POWELL.

**T**O this poor Treat, these Honour'd Guests invite,  
I come my own Ambassador to Night,  
To tell the truth, your Bill of Fare is small,  
It is a little Humble Comedy, that's all:  
For standard Sense, mine is too coarse Allay,  
Alas, that Talent does not lie my way:  
But though this Play in Wit be not so strong,  
'T has that will do as well, it trouts along,  
With a whole train of Fiddles, Dance and Song.  
And tho to other heights, my Pen can't rise,  
What the Dish wants, the Garniture supplies;  
Then Gentlemen be kind for once at least,  
And take the running Banquet for a Feast:  
Besides, ill nature now's quite out of door,  
The Bloody Flag shou'd now hang out no more:  
Criticks, their whole Hostilities shou'd cease,  
'Twere hard to exclude the Stage out of the Peace:  
But if your spight will needs my Fate decree,  
And my poor Comedy and I, both damn'd must be,  
I shall not Cheat the Devil, he'll Cheat me.

EPI-



# EPILOGUE,

Spoke by Mr. *Mills*, ascending from under  
the Stage.

**T**His Scribbling Fop has given me no small trouble  
To think how he has made the Devil a bubble,  
To be thus Cheated is some pain, tis true,  
But I'm afraid, to give the Devil his due,  
He and his Devil both has cheated you. }  
Ay, That's all Hell indeed—for if you are sham'd,  
We're e'en in a fair way of being damn'd,  
But ben't so cruel, for this once forbear  
Your Damning hands and a poor sinner spare;  
Besides, consider, for some small excuse  
To this poor Off-spring of his starv'ling Muse,  
It wanted Wine and Wit, for Inspiration,  
Being the Lean Brat of a poor long Vacation;  
Let him, for my sake, some small Mercy find,  
Yes, Criticks, my dear Brothers, pray be kind,  
Strain a small point of courtesie; ay do,  
And in my turn I'll be as kind to you,  
You'll find the old black Gentleman so Civil  
You'll fear no Sprights, but the white charming Devil.

# Drammatis Personæ.

Duke of Venice  
Hernando  
Gusman Senior  
Gusman Junior  
Pedro  
Artan  
Alonzo  
Bonde  
Delay  
Peter  
Senator

Mr. Thomas  
Mr. Powell  
Mr. Ben. Johnson  
Mr. Evans  
Mr. Pinkethman  
Mr. Mills  
Mr. Horden  
Mr. Cibber  
Mr. Smeaton  
Mr. Smith  
Mr. Rogers

## W O M E N.

Marcella  
Serena  
Lucy

Mrs. Temple  
Mrs. Andrews  
Mrs. Povel

## ACT

## A C T. I.

*The Scene a very Pleasant Valley. Enter Hernando and Pedro.*

*Hernando.*

**A** Very Pleasant place this, *Pedro.*

*Ped.* Ay, Sir, and a very Pleasant Journey you are undertaking, never a Penny of Money in your Pocket, and Heav'n knows how far you have to Travel.

*Her.* Nay, the Truth is I am like a single Man, set a float in the bare hulk of a Vessel; and have no other Pilot than Providence to Guide me.

*Ped.* 'Tis a hopeful Condition indeed you have brought your self to, a Plague of the Dice, I say, here have you cast away 500 l. a Year, only for the foolish diversion of shaking your Elbow, and putting your self out of Humour every Night.

*Her.* What the Devil shall I do now *Pedro?*

*Ped.* Do! hang your self: For you have made *Venice* too hot to hold you; I never knew you rise in a morning of late, but your Levy was more crowded with Dunns than a rising Favourite's with Solicitors for Preferment.

*Her.* I would very fain know now, what Course I wou'd not undertake, to Live by Robbing is quite out of Fashion, for those that are worthy Money now travel with so little, that the Employment of a Thief here brings as small Gains, as that of a Clipper does in *England.*

*Artan, a Spirit rises in the Habit of a Scholar.*

*Art.* Good Morrow, Sir.

*Her.* The like to you, Sir.

What a Pox did he come here Invisible?

I'm sure two minutes ago I saw no body within two Miles of me.

*Ped.* 'Tis a Sign he's no Creditor, Sir, If he were you wou'd have spy'd him sooner.

*Art.* Pray, Sir, which way do you Travel?

*Her.* To the Devil for ought I know.

B

*Ped.* Ay,

*Ped.* Ay, Sir, if you'l be pleas'd to bear his Charges, he's in the right road, he needs no Guide, Sir.

*Her.* No Faith, I'm in as Direct a way as I cou'd wish, for I have Poverty and Dispair to lead me to his Worship, and in my Opinion they are as sufficient Guides as any man can desire.

*Art.* Are you in want, Sir?

*Ped.* Yes, to my certain knowledge, Sir?

*Her.* What's that to you, Sir.

*Art.* May be I wou'd assist you, Sir.

*Ped.* Comprehend me in the Treaty, I beseech you, Sir.

*Art.* Gentlemen, it was always my temper to assist men in Distress, as I suppose you are.

*Ped.* By my troth your supposition is right, Sir: For my Master has been so very much oblig'd to the Bitch Fortune, that out of 500 Pounds a Year, he has not one poor Groat left.

*Art.* And yet he seems to have a Noble Spirit.

Why do you not attempt to take Revenge on those that have undone you.

*Ped.* Revenge, O'ons, a fellow without two pence in his Pocket, pretend to take Revenge of a Lawyer and a Usurer.

*Her.* How can I take Revenge?

*Art.* You may with Ease.

*Her.* Impossible.

There are not two such Crafty Villains Living.

I desire the Devil himself to be too hard for 'em.

*Art.* I would not have you think so, take my Council, you shall your self have Power to serve your Friends, and plague your Enemies.

*Ped.* Gads-bud, take him at his Word Master, and if he keeps it, we'll Cut out the Lawyers Tongue, and Plunder the Usurer, that's the best way to be reveng'd on them.

*Her.* Pray Sir, what am I to do to deserve this mighty Favour?

*Art.* A trifle, if you will consider it.

You shall have Power and Wealth at your Command, the Choiceest Beauties shall obey your Will, fresh Honours every hour shall Rain Down on you: And in return, I'll ask no more than this, give me your Friendship.

*Her.* Is that all you ask?

*Art.* No, one thing more, but mark me e'er you grant it, Here is a Paper, it Contains few Words, sign that, and the Great Duke himself shall be Slave to thy Command.

*Ped.* S'life, Sign it, Sign it Master, be it what it will, 'tis not the first Bond you have set your Hand to, that you never design'd to Pay.

*Her.* Let me Consider, I believe I have Guess what his business is. No Money, no Friends, nor no Credit, nor no way of getting Money, unless it be upon the High-way, which if I undertake, I may very Decently be taken and Committed without Ceremony, Tryed without Dispute, and Condemn'd without Favour, Hang'd without Mercy, Die without Repentance, and  
Damn'd

Damn'd, without Profit : No Gad, since my Condition is so, that I must go to the Devil, I'll get something by't I'm resolv'd on't.

Well, Sir, before I enter into my League with you, you shall grant me these Demands.

First, I will want no Wealth, but lest I shou'd be Questioned how I gather up my Riches, I will have Power to Cure the Feeble Wretches of all Diseases they linger under, so by my knowledge in that wondrous Art, none will suspect, nor envy me my Fortune ; Consent to this, and I'll sign my Papers.

*Art.* I Cannot.

*Her.* How !

*Art.* It is not in my Power :

But thus far I'll Comply with your request, tho' we cannot Controul the Destinies, and give those Life who fated are to Die, yet shall your Art extend thus far, to give immediate Health to those who are to Live.

*Her.* Hum, why that's something truly, but with your Favour, how shall I know who is design'd for this World, or who must take a Journey into your Large Dominions.

*Art.* Search in your Pocket, you will find a Herb, and in your Man's another, by their Virtue I appear visible to both, but they, who want 'em cannot view my airy form : If at the Bed's head you behold me stand, the Patient Lives ; if at the feet, he Dies.

*Ped.* Hold, Sir, let me have one word with you, I beseech you, since my Master has pack'd up in order for the taking of a Journey to Hell, and that I as his Faithful and Dutiful Servant must needs follow, I think it is but reasonable we shou'd know what Company we are to keep there, and be acquainted with their Manners and Religion, that we may avoid the Scandal of having but a short acquaintance with the Devil.

*Her.* And withal to satisfy me whether or not you have the Power to make good this large Agreement.

*Art.* You shall be satisfied in all your scruples, and think not you will see ought terrible. You shall have prospect of the *Elefan* Shades, where you shall view the Joys of Happy Lovers ; The ancient Hero's that disdain'd to live, after the loss of Fame ; there you shall see mad Lovers, Jealous Husbands, City Wives, the bawling Lawyer, and the griping Uferer, Courtiers, Physicians, such a Tribe of Knaves, our Confiners are scarce large enough to hold 'em.

*He waves his Hand, a Symphony of Musick, as it is playing the Scene Changes to a Beautified Garden with Orange Trees of Each Side, and at the end little Cyprus Trees, Several Figures rise up, just as he Describes in his last Speeches. After the Symphony is Play'd a Man and a Woman Representing two happy Lovers come forward, and sing this Song.*

*Man.* **H**OW Calm *Elisa* are these Groves,  
How sweet to Entertain our Loves  
Free from Sorrow, free from Care.

Jealousies and black Dispair,  
In these sweet *Elefian* Groves  
Calmly we Enjoy our Loves.

*Both.* In these sweet *Elefian* Groves,  
Calmly we enjoy our Loves.

*Elis.* Here no busie Noise of State,  
Comes to Interrupt our Joys,  
No Ambition to be Great  
Does our *Halcyon* Peace destroy.

*Both.* In these sweet *Elefian* Groves  
Calmly we Enjoy our Loves.



*Her.* Pray, what were these when living.

*Art.* Two young Lovers,  
Croßt by unnatural Parents in their Wishes,  
Who when they found they could not live together,  
Took the last Cordial Death, and now are Happy.

*Her.* But pray, Sir, what is he ?

*Art.* A City Husband,  
That broke his Wives Heart with his Causeless Jealousie,  
And thinking she'd too little Plague on Earth,  
He followed her to be her Torment here :  
See they Come towards us.

## A S O N G.

*Wife Sings.* *Why, ah why, does Fate Decree  
That I still must Wretched be ?  
Must my Torments never Cease ?  
Can the Grave afford no Peace ?  
Must I, must I ever be,  
Plagu'd with Causeless Jealousie ?  
Pray now Husband Pray be gone.*

*Husb.* *What You'd fain be left alone,  
You thought your self safe when you Quitted your Breath,  
But Spouse you and I must not part ;  
As I watch'd you in Life, I'll watch you in Death,  
And keep Horn free in spite of Art.*

*Wife.* *Pray what have I done ?*

*Husb.* *Nay, that you best know.*

*Wife.* *I never yet injur'd you ?*

*Husb.* *But you may do ;*

*Wife.* *Indeed you Provoke me,*

*Husb.* *Indeed Wife I can't,  
Old Men are too Feeble, 'tis young ones you want.*

*Ped.* *She's a Fool not to make use of 'em then.*

*Wife.* *I see you intend I never shall have Rest.*

*Husb.* *I see you intend me two Horns for my Crest.  
But faith Wife I won't be made such a Beast.*

*Wife.* *I will not stay, base Man farewell.*

*Husb.* *I'll follow though thou Lead'st to Hell.*

*Her.* *But*

*Her.* But Pray, Sir, what is he that Looks so pensive?

*Art.* His Story, I am sure must move your Pity:

There was a Lady, whom he long had Lov'd  
And she return'd it with an equal Ardor;  
The Parents were agreed, the Lovers pleas'd;  
But on the very Day they shou'd have joyn'd,  
Crossing the River, to her Longing Bridegroom,  
Was by an accident, or'e turn'd and drown'd;  
Upon the News, his Senses quite forfook him,  
And in few days his Life.

*Her.* Unhappy Pair!

## A SIMPHONY.

*Sforza* Comes forward Softly in a Mad Posture and Sings.

*Sfor.* **P**Peace, Peace, no Noise, you'l wake my Love,  
Oh! softly, softly, Let us Move.

Yet I'am affraid

The Charming Maid,

Forgets it is her Bridal-Day,

Or sure she'd hast to come Away,

Oh! Sleep, thou Envy'd Rival hence,

Resign to me this Beautious Excellenc,

Orpheus haste, Employ thy Charms,

Wake her softly to my Arms,

Bring thy Sweetest tenderest Strains,

Love will pay thee for thy Pains.

*A Symphony of soft Musick here. Mean time Sforza stands  
fixt as if he Look'd on some Body.*

No more, no more, 'tis all in vain,

For poor *Arena* ne're must wake again,

Her pretty Soul is Fled before

On Wings of Angels Mov'd,

To tell how *Sforza* did Adore,

*And*

*And how Arena Lov'd.  
 But I in Gloomy Shades alone  
 Must live, 'till he return:  
 Yes, yes Arena, since thou'rt gone  
 Sforza shall ever Mourn,  
 In Caves fill'd full of Dead Mens Bones  
 Henceforth I will remain,  
 Where I will end my Life in Groans,  
 For Peace and I must never meet again.*

Here follows a Dance between a Lawyer and a Poor Clyent, a Courtier and a Lame Soldier, a Usurer and a Prodigal, a Physician and a Fool.

After the Dance, Simphony of Pleasant Musick: And then the two Happy Lovers come from their Bower and Sing.

Damon and **A** *H! How blest, how sweet it is,  
 Eliza. Thus to Live in Endless Blifs,  
 Whilst poor Mortals, Sweat and Toyle  
 All our Care's to Love and smile.*

*Here we rest secure from Fear,  
 Whilst on Earth all pains they Bear,  
 Ah! how happy then are we,  
 Who from all those pains are Free!*

Grand Cho. *Here we Rest secure from Fear,  
 Whilst on Earth all pains they Bear,  
 Ah! how Happy then are we,  
 Who from all those pains are Free!*

After the Grand Chorus, the Singers and Dancers go off, and the Scene Changes to the Grove that stood at the beginning of the Play.

*Art.* Now, Sir, what think you? Now?

*Her.* Why I think 'tis wonderful: And I'm amaz'd why men shou'd fear to Die, when after Death they do enjoy such Pleasures.

*Ped.* Hark you, Sir, if you have ever a Blank about you, here's a poor Friend of yours has another Soul at your Worship's Service.

*Art.* Well, Sir, some other time I'll talk with you; Now hasten to the City, there we'll fix the Agreement, and before the set o'th Sun, Riches shall flow into you; you need but name the man you wou'd have Sick, and Health shall quickly leave him: Lets away.

*Her.* But, Sir, if I shou'd at my Entrance be assaulted with Dunns, I hope you won't be backward in making Patients of 'em.

*Art.* Fear not, but follow me.

*Her.* Now I shall once again appear in Splendor: View the bright dazzling Beauties of the Court, and laugh at them who made my fall their Sport.

*Ped.* But don't forget to the Devil for't.

[ *Exeunt.* ]

The End of the First A C T.

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ACT.

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## A C T II. SCENE I.

*Enter Gusman Senior, and Gusman Junior.*

*Gusm. Sen.* **T**ELL me no more there must be something in't, Sirrah, Sirrah, I say *Singing.* you do Love her, Sigh for her, Whine for her, Pine for her, Die for her, Lye for her, and all that Sirrah; what a Pox you Rogue, do you think your old Father, that has been a Whore-master from his Cradle, does not understand the Language of the Eyes, you Ogling Rogue you.

*Gusf. Jun.* Well then, suppose I do, Sir.

*Gusf. Sen.* Why then, if I were worth one Groat in the world I'd disinherit you, you Dog on: But you know I'm poor Sirrah, my Poverty and Indulgence is the occasion of your Sawcy Disobedience.

*Gusf. Jun.* Sir, you r my Father, and I know so well, the Reverence I owe your Sacred Name, That the North Star shall sooner fail the Sailer; The Pellican forget to feed her young ones, than I forget the Duty of a Son.

*Gusf. Sen.* Why look you now, Sirrah, you will perswade me after all this, that you are not in Love; What the Devil, but that Damnable Distemper cou'd have provok'd a Man to the making so many Similies. But *Jemmy*, prethee *Jemmy* tell me truth, are not you Damnably in Love with this Old Fellow's Daughter.

*Gusf. Jun.* Sir, I wou'd Scorn to tell a Lye to any one, much more to my Father, therefore in few words, I Love her so I cannot live without her.

*Gusf. Sen.* Well, but you must not Marry her *Jemmy*.

*Gusf. Jun.* How, Sir, not Marry her.

*Gusf. Sen.* No, no, by no means *Jemmy*, what Marry the Daughter of a Muck-worm, a Rogue that has ruin'd your Poor Old Daddy, and swallow'd as much Land in a Twelvemonths time as has kept our Family these 300 Years.

*Gusf. Jun.* Sir, might I speak my mind without offence, 'twas not the fault of his Frugality, but your Extravagance that ruin'd you.

*Gusf. Sen.* Why you Cursed Conf med Hellhound, dare you call your own Fathers Management in Question? But hark *Jemmy*, suppose I shou'd be such a kind tender hearted Fool to Comply with you in this business, how are you sure her Father will be willing?



*Gus. Jun.* What need of his Consent, since we're agreed? His rigid Nature can't call for Duty; by Heav'n, the difference 'twixt her Soul, and his, wou'd almost make me think she's not his Daughter.

*Gus. Sen.* Why then thy Mistress's Mother was a Whore *Jemmy*; Ha! and if the Daughter prove a Chip of the old Block, thou may'st be a Cuckold, my little *Jemmy* Boy: But that's no great matter Child, here are things of more moment to be consider'd on, if the old Hedghog do not consent, how will you come by her Portion, you little Matrimonial Prig you?

*Gus. Jun.* I have her Love, that's all the Wealth I Covet.

*Gus. Sen.* Her Love with a Pox; must your Father and your Friend have her Love too instead of Board-wages, what an ungracious Rogue have I unthinkingly begot here! Sirrah I Command you upon my Blessing, unless you can get her Money as well as her Love, never to think of her.

*Gus. Jun.* No, Sir.

*Gus. Jun.* No, Sir; no, Sir, what a Pox, I'll see who's Father you or I.

*Gus. Jun.* Sir, I have been born to many great misfortunes, But none e're touch'd me like your fall from Virtue.

If Wealth can win you, Sir, take all I have,

The little Fortune that my Uncle left me.

Give me but your Consent to Wed *Serena*;

(For I will Dye rather then Wed without it)

If not I'll wander to some Distant Clime,

Where I will Curse my own Unhappy Fate,

But Bless my Mistress, and my Cruel Father.

[Offers to go.]

*Gus. Sen.* Hold, hold, come back, *Jemmy*.

Come back my dear, dear, *Jemmy*, thou hast melted my stubborn heart; thou hast thawed these frozen Fountains mine Eyes, and the Spring of my

Tears shall water thy youthful Checks, thou shalt not go, thou shalt of my Age, I will lean a little longer upon thee, thou shalt marry her (Crying)

Thou shalt lye with her, (a little louder) and thou shalt beget what thou can'st upon her Body. (Crying very loud) But when thou hast marry'd,

shall that 300 l. a Year thy Uncle left thee be all bestow'd upon old *Jemmy*.

*Gus. Jun.* With greater Joy than e'er I did receive it.

*Gus. Sen.* Ah thou tender Lamb, thou shalt have a Wife my Dear *Jemmy*, so farewell, farewell, thou Flower of thy Age, thou faithful Lover and obedient Son.

(Going.)

Turn back ? But *Jemmy*, my poor Boy, my darling Child, what ready Crying a little. Money hast thou about thee *Jemmy*?

*Gus. Jun.* Faith, Sir, but very little.

*Gus. Sen.* Well said *Jemmy*, a little with Content is a Feast for thee and me Boy, how much is't my Precious?

*Gus. Jun.* About Ten Pieces, Sir.

*Gus. Sen.*



*Gus. Sen.* Poor little Rogue, and shall we spend it all to day Tittle, fall poor Daddy put five pieces of it in his Pocket, to make a shew with my little Pigsnyce.

*Gus. Jun.* Ay, Sir, I'm happy you Command me.

*Gus. Sen.* Shall my little *Jemmy*, by my Jewel, thou sha't have her, by my Tit-mouse, thou sha't be marry'd to morrow-day Sirrah, by my Lovee.

*Sings. Young Jemmy is a Lad,*

*My only Joy and Honey,*

*He Loves his Poor old Dad,*

*And lets him want no Money.*

Toll, Doll, Toll, Doll, &c. [*Exit Singing.*]

*Gus. Jun.* Was ever Man so wretched in a Parent, he that shou'd teach me the true Rules of Honour, and guide my youth in the strict Paths of Virtue holds to my weak and unexperienced Eyes, the cursed mirror of destroying Vice. Ah! poor *Serena*, Partner in Affliction, whose Father's sordidness affects thee more than the Extravagance of mine does me.

*Enter Hernando, Pedro and Artan Invisible.*

My dear *Hernando*, I've been seeking thee, they told me at thy Lodging thou wer't gone, with a resolve ne'er to return to *Venice*.

*Her.* Why truly my Friend *Gusman*, I was so determin'd, but fortune has been pleas'd to turn her Wheel once more to my Advantage, and tho I am return'd to *Venice* as poor as I went out, viz. without one Farthing in my Pocket, yet before many hours are past, my *Gusman*, thou shalt behold me in that prosperous Station all *Venice*, shall admire and enjoy me.

*Gus. Jun.* You may assure your self I'm pleas'd to hear any thing that relates to your good Fortune; I will not ask you how your Fortune's chang'd, but must joyce it's turn'd to your advantage.

*Ped.* Sir, Sir, stand upon your Guard, here's the Usurer with a whole tribe of Rogues at his Heels; Mercy upon me, if the Devil shou'd fail us,

what an excellent physician will my Master make coop'd up in the Beggars Hospital !

*Enter Bond and Delay, with Officers.*

*Bond.* Gone from his Lodging, say you ?

*First Offic.* Yes, Sir, this morning early, and they told me he took his leave of them, with a design to return no more to *Venice*.

*Bond.* Bless me, what an unfortunate Man am I, I tell you what, *Mr. Delay*, I lent 300 *l.* upon his bare Bond, besides what I had lent upon his Estate.

*Delay.* Well, Sir, but the Estate no doubt is sufficient to make it up, and leave you a Considerable Gainer too.

*Bond.* Ay, that's right *Mr. Delay*, but if I had been so discreet as not to have lent that 300 *l.* there still had been so much more in my Pocket, my Wife Lawyer:

*Pea.* Ah plague o' your Conscience, you hear Master?

*Her.* What think you of this Fellow.

*Gus. Jun.* I shou'd think him a Villain, were he not *Serena's* Father.

*Her.* Friend, let me beg you'l leave me here a little, I know his meaning, but have a way to frustrate all his Malice ; prethee leave me.

*Gus. Jun.* You must excuse me, I'm too well acquainted, with his pernicious Temper to Expose you to what his Avarice leads him, I will stay with you.

*Her.* Well, do what you think fit. Save you *Mr. Bond*.

*Bond.* Ha ! *Mr. Hernando*, bless me what a lying Messenger is this report ! why it has been all the mornings talk on the *Rialto*, that you had left your native Country, and wander'd to seek your Fortune in foreign Parts.

*Her.* You have done your best endeavour, Sir ; to force me : Thou slave to Muck, thou sordid Lump of Earth, thou Cannibal that swallow'st up Mankind, when will the Widows Cries, and the Orphans Tears, the Mourning Heirs thy villany has stript naked, find softness in thy barbarous Flinty Bosom.

*Bond.* Why how now, how now *Mr. Hernando* ? in my opinion you give your Tongue a greater privilege than your wants can bear, to justify it in : marry come up, you have great cause to complain indeed, is this the thanks you render me for my Civility, in being so long out of my Money to do you service ?

*Her.* To do me Service, no thou Cormorant, it was to Glut thy own in Insatiate Maw : Thou do a Service ! Thou Relieve Mankind ! yes thou wilt feed 'em as the Indians do, to make 'em fatter for thy own devouring.

*Gus. Jun.* Be Calm *Hernando*.

*Her.*

*Her.* How, be Calm my Friend *Gusman*; no, while I have a Tongue, I will Employ it, in Curses on this Miscreant, this Catiff, Diseases gnaw thee to the very Bones, Blindness and Lameness, with the want of Hearing, Gout, Stone and Pissick. all at once assault thee, and when thy hated Life must have an end; the Gibbet and Hangman bring it to thee.

*Ped.* What a vain of Cursing my Master's got into, 'tis a sign he has sold his Soul to the Devil.

*Bond.* Why really, Sir; your Tongue runs on at a wonderful rate, and I can't tell when that's weary, but your Hands and Feet may be in the same Humour, therefore it behoves me in what in me lies to prevent it. Officers, do your Duty.

*First Offc.* We Arrest you, Sir, at the Suit of Mr. *Gabriel Bond*.

*Her.* Why you eternal Bloodhound, won't my Estate make good all that I owe you?

*Bond.* Officers, you know your business, Bayle, Jayle, or Money, that's all I'll hear of at present.

*Gus. Jun.* Hold, Sir, I'll be his Surety.

*Bond.* With all my Heart, I desire no better, if he wants three Hundred Pound more, upon your Bond, he shall Command it within this half hour; would I could get him in my Clutches once, I'd hamper him so fast he should never have power to Court my Daughter. Well, Sir, you'll pass your word for his Appearance.

*Gus. Jun.* I will, Sir.

*Bond.* Well then Officers, you are discharg'd.

(*Exit Officers.*)

*Artan Striks him with his Wand.*

Bless me, what's that Mr. *Delay*, did you see any one Strike me?

*Dela.* Not I upon my word, Sir.

*Bond.* Mercy on me, I felt something come as cold crows my Stomach, as if Death had laid his Hand upon me.

*Ped.* So, so, they say the Devil's a Lier, but I find he keeps his word with my Master.

*Bond.* O help me, help me, Mr. *Delay*, I faint, my breath's gone, I'm Dying, that Rogues Curses I'm afraid has had power over me; Mr. *Delay*, Draw up a Bill of Indictment against him, and if I do Die, see him hang'd I beseech you.

*Dela.* Bless me! what a sudden alteration's here, how do you Mr. *Bond*? Alas he's Speechless, pray Gentlemen come hither, sure he's Dying.

*Her.*

*Her.* Hold, let me look upon him, hold him up, and if 'tis possible to recover him, spite of the injuries he has done me, I'll do that Pious Office.

*Dela.* Now Blessing on you, Sir.

*Her.* Let me see, oh, he's at the Head, all's safe, (*Aside.*) Open his mouth and pour this Cordial down, now give him Air, see, he begins to stir.

*Dela.* How do you Mr. Bond?

*Bond.* Who's there Mr. Delay? O Lord I have been a Dead Man, How in the name of Goodness came I thus recover'd, so well, so lusty.

*Dela.* Really, Sir, you are beholden to Mr. *Hernando* for it, you were stone Dead till he with a Rich Cordial he drew out of his Pocket recovered you.

*Bond.* How, Mr. *Hernando*, forgive me that I shou'd harbour so Inhumane a thought of him as I did: Dear Seignior *Hernando*, forgive me I beseech you, and Pray, Sir, accept of my thanks; you know Money's a scarce Commodity, and I have had many losses of late, but upon my word I will withdraw my Action, and every Tenant of mine that falls sick and does not Imploy you, I'll seize upon his Goods, and put you into Possession of 'em.

*Ped.* A very honest and charitable reward, I must needs say.

*Her.* Sir, I expect not a reward from you, take but this thought with you, and I am satisfied, think but how poor a benefit is Wealth, a thing most vile and useless without Health: and by your last misfortune you may find, you toyl for that which you must leave behind.

(*Her. Ped. Gus. Exit.*)

*Bond.* That's right, but by his favour I shall make bold to reap the benefit of it while I do stay, and not like such young-Prodigals as himself, live to see other mens Sheep devour my Pasture.

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*Enter*

*Enter two Senators.*

*First Senat.* Seignior *Gabriel*, Save you.

*Bond.* Your Lordships humble Servant, I come this morning on the *Rialto*, according as your Lordship ordered by your Messenger, but was not so happy as to see your Lordship there to receive your Commands.

*First Senat.* Sir, I suppose you have heard the Duke's Decree, the Governour of *Dalmatia* being Dead, you as the Worthiest for that great Employment, are by the Senate and the Duke thought fit to take that Trouble upon you.

*Bond.* Trouble, Sir, I shou'd be mighty willing to undertake the trouble, but mercy on me, does his Grace consider the Charge 'twill put me to, 4000 pounds a year expence at least; Bless me where does the Duke imagine I shall pick it up.

*Second Senat.* How Seignior can you call your self of *Venice*, and stop at any thing to serve your Country? your great Abilities are too well known to be put off with frivolous Excuses; here's your Commission, if you dare refuse it, you forfeit your Estate, that's all the Penalty.

*(Exit Senat.)*

*Bond.* All in the Devil's name, harke'e Lawyer, is there no way to avoid swallowing this damnable Choak Pear.

*Dela.* You know 'tis impossible, if the Duke and Senate think you sufficient to bear the Charge of the Employment, you have no Remedy.

*Bond.* Prithee good Mr. *Dela*, go home, turn over your Law Books, find me out any Cranny that can afford me room enough to Creep out of this damnable business.

*Dela.* I will do all I can, Sir, but I'm afraid 'tis to very little purpose.

*(Exit Dela.)*

*Bond.* Why what an unlucky man am I, who the Devil wou'd take pains to get Money, that must be employ'd for other peoples uses: but hold, let me Consider, the Law, if I mistake not, says, the Government of *Dalmatia*, shall be conferr'd on one that has Wealth and Health

Health, but he that is Defective shall be incapable of bearing that Office.

Defective, O that I had been born without a Leg or an Arm, what a deal of Money might I have saved : But hold, I have it, I will be Blind, 4000 l. a Year is worth any Man's shutting his Eyes for.

But then, if I shou'd chance to be discover'd, my Estates forfeited; but who the Devil shall discover it, unless I tell tales my self ? no, I'll be hang'd first, tho I get by the Government, I'll take care the Government shall never get by me.

*Let others Sweat, and Fret, and take much pains  
And Toyl for Honour, while I reap the Gains.*

The End of the Second A C T.

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A C T.

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## A C T III.

*Scene the First. Enter Hernando and Pedro, and Artan.*

**W**HY faith, new acquaintance, this Imployment was worth any ones taking notice of. I have cur'd more Patients within this two days, than an *English Quack* kills in a twelvemonth.

*Ped.* Faith, Sir, and that's no inconsiderable quantity, I have known, when I was there, the Bell tol'd thirty times in three days, for only one man's handiwork.

*Her.* But, Sir, what Rumour's this, of the Dukes illness?

*Art.* He's Sick beyond the Power of Art to help him, you will be sent for to the Court with Speed, and great Rewards will be offer'd you to save him, but 'tis impossible, his time's expir'd, and at his Feet you will behold me standing; you can do nothing but pronounce his Death.

*Her.* I know my Duty, and I shall observe it.

*Ped.* Fnt, Sir, have you heard the News of Seignior *Gabriel Bond*?

*Her.* No *Pedro*, prethee what is't?

*Ped.* Sir, he has lost his Peepers.

*Her.* His Peepers, prethee what do'st thou mean?

*Ped.* Mean, Sir, why he's taken stone Blind.

*Her.* How, Blind!

*Art.* So he reports himself, but 'tis all false, the Government of *Dalmatia* being offer'd him, he takes on that Defect to save his Money: But see here comes the Messenger from Court.

*Enter Alonza with others.*

*Alon.* Seignior *Hernando*, we have been seeking you, the Duke and all the Court commend 'em to you. The Duke who stands in need of your Assistance, hearing the wondrous Cures your skill Performs, does by the advice of the drooping Senate, Implore your kind assistance.

**D**

*Her.* My

*Her.* My good Lord, I shou'd be happy if my little Art con'd serve to help his Grace; but this I will assure you, if his Distemper will admit of Cure, he shan't want it long, but if the Fates have Decreed his Death, we must submit with Patience.

*Alon.* We know we must submit to Destiny, but Art must be apply'd.

*Her.* I'll try my utmost.

(*Exeunt Omnes.*)

*Enter Mrs. Lucy and Serena.*

*Lucy.* Come my Child, comfort thy self, don't Weep for what can't be avoided, 'tis a Great Misfortune 'tis true, to lose that precious Jewél sight, but since Providence has left Life and Health, time may wear off the other unhappiness: Here my dear Child go to the Dukes Neice, deliver her this Commission, and beg her to acquaint her Uncle and Senate, with your Father's sudden misfortune.

*Seren.* I will obey you, Madam.

(*Exit Serena.*)

*Lucy.* Well, I am a very wicked Woman, for I cannot avoid rejoicing at this accident, now shall I have the opportunity of entertaining my dear Monsieur, without the fear of being seen by that *Argus* that was. Oh! here he comes, now must I be teaz'd with his nauseous Company day after day, for I am certain he'll never let me be from him, but 'tis no matter, since he can't see what I do, I'll take care his Sense of Learning shall go but a small way towards a discovery of any of my Actions.

*Enter Mr. Bond led by a Servant.*

*Bond.* Where is my Wife? pray lead me to my Chicken, the only comfort left me is to hear her talk, I was once delighted to look on her, but that Blessing's taken from me, where art thou Honey?

*Lucy.* Here my poor unfortunate Love.

*Bond.* Have you sent to the Dukes Neice, as I instructed you.

*Lucy.* Yes my Life, your Daughter's gone.

*Bond.* That's well, reach some Chairs *Peter*, come sit down my dear.

*Peter.*

*Pet.* Sir.

*Bond.* You may go *Peter*.

(*Exit Peter.*)

Oh my dear Child, this is a great misfortune, but we must bear with patience, trouble and vexations must be expected while we live in this transitory World.

*Lucy.* In-

*Lucy.* Indeed my dear, I can't chuse but rejoyce to see you 'bear so great an Affliction with so much Christian Patience: I have sent for a Famous Physitian, and Oculist, that has not been long from *France*, an Admirable Man, and if there be any remedy I'm certain hee'l apply it to you.

*Bond.* Ah Lord Child, Doctors Art will signifie Little to me, mine's a just Judgment, for my wicked Extortions, and Cruelty to the Poor.

*Lucy.* But my Dear, we ought to use our utmost endeavour, and not rely all upon Providence.

*Enter Peter.*

*Pet.* Madam, there's a French Gentleman below enquires for you.

*Lucy.* Wait on him *Peter*, come my Dear, comfort your self, I can assure you, he's a very able Man.

*Bond.* If he shou'd discover my rognery, I were in a very fine condition: But hang't, if I swear I can't see, who the Devil can say any thing to the contrary, let 'em guess and be Poxt, I'll be wicked before I'll part with my Money.

*Enter Monsieur and Peter.*

*Lucy.* Monsieur, you're welcome, *Peter* go down, and shut the door after you, here's a cold wind comes in. *(Exit Peter.)*

Come Monsieur, pray be pleas'd to sit, I writ you word this morning of my Husband's misfortune, and hope you will use your utmost endeavour to recover him.

*(All this Speech after Peter's going off, the Monsieur is kissing her hand very Eagerly.)*

*Monf.* Madam, you salt command me, hold up your Head Monsieur, Garzoon, he be very much Blind.

*Bond.* That's a Lye, a Plague of your skill, I find my Wife has a greater need of this Physitian than I have.

*Monf.* Hark ye Madam, you must put him presently to Bed, and me vil clap someting to his Head fall do him ver much good.

*Bond.* Yes, a plague on you, I do believe you will clap something to my Head with a Vengeance to you, I shall be made a Cuckold before my Face.

*Lucy.* You hear Husband what this good man says.

*Bond.* Yes, yes, (and see what he does too, make me thankful, I don't much care, with the Gentleman's Favour, to tamper much, but as

Providence sent it me ; e'en let Providence take it from me, I'll make use of no other Physician I assure you.

*Lucy.* Nay pray, my Lamb, be rul'd by the Gentleman, indeed you must, if you know the Affliction I suffer to see you thus; you wou'd not be so obstinate. ( *Cries.*

*Bond.* Ah this dissembling Limb of *Lucifer*, how concern'd she is that I won't like a good natur'd Husband; give her a private opportunity to make me a Cuckold! ( *Aside.*

*Lucy.* Will you go and lye down my Buddy.

*Bond.* If I do I suppose you won't be long after me Buddy. ( *Aside.*

*Lucy.* What sayst thou my dear Heart?

*Bond.* Why, I do say I will have nothing to do with your Oculists and your French Connundrums; I am very well satisfied, no Art can relieve me, and I will not be at an unnecessary Charge : The Devil set his Foot between you, how the Serpents twine about one another !

*Monf.* Garzoon vat doe see Monsieur a moy, to believe me vst take a de muck de mony.

*Bond.* I see in you, what the devil can I see in you, that can't see whether it be day or no.

*Lucy.* You must excuse him, his affliction and pain together makes him talk something extravagantly. Who's within there, *Peter* ?

*Enter Peter.*

Bring in a Flask of white *Florence*, I must beg you to drink one glass to my poor Husband's recovery before you go. ( *Exit Peter.*

*Monf.* Madam, vid all mine art, and but dat you are de very good Lady, me wou'd let him walk vid de Dog and de Bell all his Life time, but for your sake, me vil take care to make him de Grand Cuckold be garr: ( *Aside.*

*Enter Peter with Wine.*

*Lucy.* Set it down *Peter*, will you drink a glass my dear, it may perhaps cheer your Spirits? ( *Exit Peter.*

*Bond.* Ay, ay, with all my heart, give it me Wife, give it me, since I pay the Reckoning, 'tis but necessary I shou'd drink in my turn. ( *aside.*

*Lucy.* Come Monsieur, pray be pleas'd to pledge my Husband, 'tis right O palatable. ( *Puts a handful of Gold into the Glass.*

*Bond.* O Lord ! O Lord ! I shall run mad, I shall forget my self, and discover my falacy, what an Extravagant Generous Strumpet is this Buxom Wife of mine to her Stallion, a whole handful of Gold, by the Curses of Matrimony. ( *Aside.*

*Monf.* Madam

*Monf.* Madam, Avoufante Monsieur, to your good recovery.

*Bond.* Ah the Devil set his Foot after it, choak him, what a charge-able spic'd Cup has he swallowed for a mornings Draught!

*Lucy.* Indeed Monsieur I'm infinitely obliged to you for this Care you take of my Husband, pray see him often, and try what Art can do to help him.

( *gives him a Gold Watch.* )

*Bond.* Oh Death and Furies, I shall be ruin'd, why this is a very hard case now, that I must be oblig'd to be Dumb as well as Blind. (*Aside.* Hark Wife, I think you may as well dispatch the Gentleman, that you and I may have some discourse in private

*Lucy.* I will my dearest: Monsieur you see my Husband is uneasie under his unhappiness, therefore for this time we'll take our leaves, but pray come and see how he does in the Evening, I beseech you.

( *Gives him a Diamond Ring.* )

*Bond.* Hell and the Devil! I can't bear it, why at this rate shew I give all I'm worth in a days time, I had better by half stood Governour of Dalmatia, 'twou'd have cost me but sixty thousand Crowns, and I cou'd have cheated the poor of half the Money, like an unthinking Blockhead as I was. O Blood and Fire! I cannot, will not bear it, come what will on't.

( *They are kissing all this while, stamp.* )

*Lucy.* Bless me, what's the matter Husband?

*Bond.* Oh Wife! I have such a miserable pain about my head, that I am not able to bear it, lead me in, and lay me down, that I may have nothing to do but die, and wish you at the Devil.

( *Aside.* )

*Lucy.* Well my Dear, I'll go with you; Monsieur, your Servant, you'll be sure to give us the happiness of your Company in the Evening.

*Monf.* Ouy Madam, me fall be sure to wait upon you.

*Bond.* Nay, prethee Wife come away, come away, for this pain is intolerable, I cannot bear it.

( *As he is going off, hitting his stick upon the Ground, he hits Monsieur over the Head, who is making love in dumb show to Mrs. Bond, she squeaks.* )

*Lucy.* Ah!

*Mr. Bond.* Hah! what is the matter Chickin, what dost thou cry out for, has any thing frighted my Buddy?

*Lucy.* O Lord Husband, you have almost knock'd the poor Monsieur o'the Head.

*Bond.* Marry Heaven forbid, oh dear, Sir, excuse me, my miserable pain made me strike any where, but I hope you'll not take any thing ill of a poor old Man, who has neither Sight nor Sences.

*Monf.* But you have de very good feeling for all dat.

*Lucy.* Pray



*Lucy.* Pray Monsieur excuse this misfortune, and be assur'd, nothing shall be wanting on my side to make amends for this accident.

( Gives him another Purse.

*Bond.* Oh the Devil! why I had better not break his head, since I find I must pay so much for a Plaister.

*Mors.* Madam, meam your ver humble Servant, and me am satisfied.

*Bond.* A plague confound you, well you may, since you have had such a plentiful parcel of finart-money.

( Exit Bond and Lucy.

*Monf.* So, begar dis be de ver good salve for mine broken Pate, but garzoon's me must make o my market quick for fear she shange her inclination, derefore if me can perswade her to Rob her Husband, and intrust me vid de money, Jerny me vil ver fairly make a Journey to France, and leave her and her Cuckold to starve togedar.

( Exit.

*Scene Changes to the Dukes Bed-Chamber, the Duke lying a Bed with several Nobles by him.*

*First Nob.* How fairs your Grace?

*Duke.* Near to my Journeys end. Say, is that man of skill yet come to Court.

*First Nob.* Not yet my Leige, but we expect him hourly.

*Duke.* It matters not, for Art will prove but in vain, no bars can stop where Death resolves to enter; I feel him like an honest just Physitian, who when he finds all remedies are usefess, he shakes his head over the lingering Patient, advising him to mind his better part.

*Enter Marcella.*

*First Nob.* See, Sir, your Neice.

*Duke.* Come hither my Marcella, nay, prethee do not weep my dearest Child, death cannot say he makes a Conquest over me, for he has seiz'd on ~~an old~~ batter'd Fort, that was at first design'd to be his own.

*Marc.* O! can I think what I must lose and live, the careful Guardian of my tender years, whose Pious Counsels and Indulgent Care instructed me in all the Rules of Virtue.

*Duke.* Thou need'st no guide, thou art thy self a Pilot able to steer all our ~~Venetian~~ Dames through every Coast of Honour.

*First Nob.* Look up my Lord, the man of Art is come.

*Enter*



*Enter Hernando, Pedro and Alonza, Artan unseen.*

*Marc.* He is most wellcome. O, Sir, if your Art can reach so far to this Noble Life, all Honours that Ambitious minds can covet, and Wealth as much as Greedy Minds can covet, shall all be yours, with thousand, thousand Prayers for your desired Success.

*Ped.* Prayers! Oo'ns what a Fee has she found out for a Physitian.

*Duke.* Come hither, Sir, I will add one reward, but I must first ask your Consent *Marcella*; say, will you give it?

*Marc.* Tho it were to Die, this moment to Expire before your feet, I'd fall most willingly.

*Duke.* My Child, I thank thee, not that I fear dying, but for my Countries sake I fain wou'd live, therefore restore me once more to my Health; and beside all that Wealth and Honour promis'd, I give this Jewel to you.

*Her.* What said he? ay, there's a reward indeed, what Wealth what Honour can be equal to it? his Dukedom, were the Universe in Balance? By Heaven, Swear her Beauty wou'd outweigh it.

*Marc.* Good, Sir, speak Comfort to us.

*Her.* O my Fortune, why is this wondrous blessing offer'd me, or why have I not power to make it mine! it is impossible, he's rooted there; Ha! I have found the means, by Heav'n I'll do it: Now Madam, you shall see a poor man's Art, save the Dukes Life in spight of Destiny.

*Marc.* O happy sound.

*Her.* Stand all clear from the Bed: no, I am going to pronounce his death, (*to Ped. aside*) but if you shou'd not keep your stand I am ruin'd.

*Art.* I swear by ——— and all the Destinys, by Earth, by Air, by Water and by Fire, I will not stir, go boldly speak his doom.

*Her.* Come hither *Pedro*.

*Ped.* Ay, Sir.

*Her.* Take hold here, and when I stamp turn round as quick as thought:

*Ped.* What the Bed, Sir.

*Her.* Ay, the Bed, Sir.

*Ped.* What the Devil does my Master mean?

*Her.* Now *Pedro*.

*Art.* Night, Earth and Hell, what has the Villain done?

*Her.* Nay, nay, keep your place friend of mine, you are sworn to't.

*Art.* By Hell, and all the Fates the Slave has fool'd me, and fixt me by an Oath against my self, to cross the Destinies, and save the Duke:

Go

Go doting fool, thou shalt a while keep Life, to end thy aged days in  
Blood and Sorrow : And wife Physitian look you'r Guarded well,

*For by Death's fleshy Scull, and Sable Dart,*

*When we meet next, we never more will part.*

( *Sinks.* )

*Ted.* So, so, I find my Master's a piece of a Lawyer as well as a  
Physitian, for he has tricks enough to cheat the Devil.

*Her.* Fill me a Glass of Wine, here my Leige, take, this drink it off.  
How fayres your Grace ?

*Duke.* Like one waked from a Trance, I cannot think I'm perfectly  
a yake, methinks I feel new Health and vigorous Strength, my Pulse  
beats strong, and with a lively motion ; sure I could walk, pray raise  
me from my Bed : O my *Marcella*, what a Change is this, snatcht from  
the Grave to Life and perfect Health.

*Marc.* O ! 'tis a happy Change indeed, happy for *Venice*, but for  
me, most happy I'm doubly Blest, my Souls brim-ful of Joy ; O ! let this  
day forever be remembred, nothing but mirth be seen through all the  
Court : Rejoyce you Senators, your Duke's restor'd, the Father of his  
Country Lives again.

*Duke.* Hold my dear Child, we first must pay our thanks, to this  
Great Builder, who repair'd the ruines : Here, Sir, receive the Great  
reward we promised, and with her all the Wealth you can desire, and  
all the Honours that the State can give.

*Her.* O ! don't talk of Wealth or Honour, Sir, you have given me  
all the Riches I could wish for.

*Duke.* To morrow then the Priest shall joyn your Hands, and Heav'n  
send showers of Blessings on your Heads, this night shall be devoted all  
to Mirth, for Sorrow has too long possid'd the Court.

*Come my dear Nephew, none will sure repine*

*At your Content ; since you were cause of mine.*

( *Exeunt omnes.* )

## SCENE a TOWN.

*Enter Gus. Jun. and Serena.*

*Gus. Jun.* You tell me Wonders, that so suddenly such an affliction  
shou'd befall your Father : I have deliver'd the Commission safe into the  
Senate, and it is bestow'd on Old *Corvina*, the Rich *Florentine*.

*Ser.* I thank you, but I have yet another grief, which I must tell you,  
for alas my Love, I have no Friend but you I can complain to.

*Gus. Jun.* If thou hast anything that troubles thee, it were unkind not  
to make me thy Partner : what is't that disturbs my dear *Serena* ?

*Seren.* My

*Seren.* My Mother!

*Gus. Jun.* What of her.

*Seren.* I blush to name her : Takes this advantage of my Father's Blindness, to entertain a Gaudy Fluttering Frenchman. I formerly knew they had private meetings, but now she brings him home to her own House ; I stood conceal'd, after she had sent me forth, and saw her give before my Father's face so many kisses, and such Sums of Gold ; I thought him happy that he wanted sight, for had he seen, 'twou'd have distracted him.

*Gus. Jun.* I knew the Slave in *France*, he was a Lucky, and forc'd to fly for robbing his Master : We must be careful, since this Step-Mother can entertain a wretch so vile and sordid. I know, my dear, thy Father seeks my Ruin, yet (since 'twas he gave Life to my *Serena*) I will not rest till I have prevented this.

### Enter Pedro.

How now *Pedro*, where's my Friend thy Master?

*Ped.* My high and Mighty Master is with the High and Mighty Duke, where he is high and mightily entertain'd, and I am sent in mighty haste, to desire you to come to him, for he longs mightily to see you.

*Gus. Jun.* Do you know the business *Pedro*?

*Ped.* Mighty well, it is known to most men, that about some three hours since, the Duke was in a fair way to be made Worm's meat of, But my Master being a good Cook, as well as a Physician, has now dress'd him up, and made him fit to appear again at a Court Table.

*Gus. Jun.* Is then the Duke recover'd, and my Friend the happy man, that wrought the wondrous Cure?

*Ped.* Look ye, Sir, your Friend with some of my help, has set the Duke upon his Legs again, let that satisfy you, my Master for his reward, is to Marry the Dukes Neice, and I have petition'd my gratification may be, to be overseer of the Kitchin, during the Wedding Festivals.

*Gus. Jun.* A very reasonable request I must needs say *Pedro*.

*Ped.* Truly, Sir, I love to bear a Conscience in all things, but, Sir, my Master desires you forthwith to come with me to Court, where there is to be such Singing, Dancing, and then he has such things to say to you, that mercy on me, if you don't make haste you won't have time to hear the tenth part of 'em.

*Gus. Jun.* Well, I'll but wait upon this Lady home, and then go with you *Peder*: Come my Love, early i'th' morning I will visit thee, mean time my busie thoughts shall be imploy'd on methods to prevent thy Father's ruine.

*And for reward, from all his mighty store,  
Let him but grant me thee, I'll ask no more.*

(*Exeunt.*)

*Scene Changes to a Magnificent Pallace, where is discover'd the Duke Sitting in State, on his Right hand Marcellas on his Left Hernando, Several Lords and Ladies on each side, while a Simphony of Trumpets, &c. is Playing. Gus. Junior, Enters: Hernando rises, and after a Complement, Seats him by him.*

*After the Simphony, Fame comes Down from the top of the Stage to the front and Sings.*

*Fame.* **H**AST Quickly, take the Wings of Fame,  
Through all the Universe Proclaim,  
This Happy, happy day,  
Which has Restor'd,  
Your drooping Lord,  
And fill'd your hearts with Joy.  
Come, Come you Nymphs, come all you Swains,  
Leave, leave your Solitary Plains,  
Come Damon and Phillis  
With Coy Amarellis,  
Come Corydon, with thy Brown Dame,  
Come Bacchus resort  
To this Happy, happy Court  
And bring here thy jolly, jolly Train.

*Enter*

Enter on one side Corydon, with Country Men and Maids, on the other several Nymphs and Shepherds, and in the middle Bacchus with his Train.

Bac. **W**E come old Fame, what news hast thou to tell us,  
 I'm here with all my Jolly, Jolly Fellows,  
 Who rise with the Sun, and Ransack the Vine,  
 And when we no longer can stand Sir,  
 For fear we profanely should leave any Wine,  
 We agree to take Six in a hand Sir.

Cor. And here's poor Corydon, with Margery and Jone Sir,  
 With Hobbee Brittleface, to know what you'd have done Sir,  
 We cannot boast of tippling off good Wine Sir,  
 Because you know there is but little Coin Sir,  
 But if this Drunken God will please to pay the shot Sir,  
 Heres Hob and Little Corydon, will make him a meer Sot Sir,  
 And when old Tunbelly lies Snoring in his Bed Sir,  
 We'll sober be Enough to get a Maiden-head Sir,

### Chorus of Clowns.

And when old Tunbelly, &c.

A. Dance of Clowns and Country Maids.

### A Dialogue between Phillis and Amarellis.

Phill. **P**Rithee tell me Amarellis,  
 Why each night you Sigh and Groan:  
 Ama. If you'd know the Truth my Phillis,  
 'Tis because I Lye alone:

E 2

Damon

Damon he falls off from Weeping,  
 And I'm very much afraid  
 Spight of all we have been doing,  
 I shall Live and Die a Maid.

Phill. My Alexis too grows Cold,  
 That was once so full of Fire,

Ama. Surely Phillis, we grow Old  
 Or they Longer won'd Admire.

Phil. Old Amarellis, pray what do you mean,  
 You know your own self, I am not Thirteen:  
 If he looks for a younger Wife, e'en let him find one,  
 And if he proves surly, I'll seek out a kind one:  
 I'll not Sigh for Men in a place where there's Plenty,  
 'Twill be hard if I find not One Lover in Twenty.

Am. 'Tis bravely resolved, I'll follow that Rule.  
 And let silly Damon alone,

Phil. Nor shall Coy Alexis find me such a Fool,  
 To Love when I find he has done.

Am. Therefore we'll Resolve no longer to Pine,

Phil. Not I by my troth Amarellis;

Am: If Strephon Loves better then Damon, he's mine;

Phil. And he that Loves me shall have Phillis.

## A Symphony of Flutes.

## A Shepherdess comes forward and Sings.

Sheph. **H**appy we who Free from Love,  
 Have no cares to break our Sleep,  
 Who these Pleasant Meadows rove  
 Watching our harmless Sheep;  
 When we feel the Evenings Air,  
 And the Night invites us home:  
 To our Cottage we repair,  
 Where Content delights to come.

Here



*Here follows a Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*

Fame. **H**appy Days, Pleasant Nights,  
 Wait upon this Royal Train  
 Endless Joys, and Sweet Delights,  
 May that Lovely Pair obtain:  
 Jealousie be far Remov'd,  
 Sweet Content rest over there,  
 May they Love and be Belov'd,  
 And be Happy as they're Fair.

Cho. *Happy Days, &c.*

Duke. 'Tis well perform'd, now let us to the Banquet, then every one prepare to think of rest, only the Lovers, Joy will keep them waking, and expectation of a future Bliss will shut out sleep to night.

Her. My Leige, I beg your Favour, to this Gentleman my Friend.

Duke. A Friend of yours need never doubt my Favour:

*He that has given me Life must sure receive*

*All Favour he can ask or I can give.*

(*Exeunt omnes.*)

The End of the Third A C T.

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ACT.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter Hernando, Gusman Junior and Pedro.*

*Her.* I Tell you nought but Truth, upon my Honour he's no more Blind than thee or I, 'twas policy to save his money made him turn Imposture.

*Gus. Jun.* I'm glad to hear it, and with your assistance I'll make his folly turn to my advantage, you know the Story of his Amorous Wife; I must prevent the mischiefs threaten there too; But you must lend me *Pedro*, he'll be useful.

*Her.* With all my heart, but you'll excuse me *Gusman*, I stay too long from my approaching Bliss: Lovers you know are restless, froward Creatures, when expectation burns 'em; O! the transports this happy night will yield me! ha, what's this, a sudden damp strook cold upon my heart: What need I fear, the Demon has no power over me yet, my time's not yet expir'd, or if it were, Repentance may prolong it.

*That Sovereign Clam will heal the greatest Sore.*

*And Cure the Wounds my Crimes had made before.*

( *Exit Her.* )

*Gus. Jun.* Well *Pedro*, as thou hast been an honest and just Servant to thy Master, so I hope thou'lt prove a trusty Friend to me, and be assur'd your Service shan't go unrewarded.

*Ped.* I'll warrant you, Sir, if there be any Pimping in the Case, let me alone, I had once an excellent hand at it; my Master knows it, but since he turn'd Physician, he has been so taken up with Practice another way, that I have almost lost my abilities, in that honourable, genteel Courtlike Science.

*Gus. Jun.* Well *Pedro*, I shall have no occasion to imploy your Talent that way at present; the occupation you must undertake to serve me, must be that of a Physician.

*Ped.* A Physician! there you hit me to a Hair, for a neat turn of a Bed let me alone.

*Gus. Jun.* Turn of Bed, what dost mean *Pedro*?

*Ped.* A Term of Art my Master and I use, when we have a mind to set sick people upon their Legs; the Duke has found the benefit of it.

*Gus. Jun.*

*Gus. Jun.* Well, Sir, I'll not dispute your Terms of Art, only give you some few directions, and leave the rest to your own management.

*Ped.* Well, Sir, what you think fit.

*Gus. Jun.* I need not tell you, that old *Bond* only Counterfeits Blindness, for that you knew before me; but I would have you take on the Grave habit of a Doctor, I have it already prepar'd for you, by that means to make him confess himself really an Imposture.

*Ped.* Let me alone, Sir, I'll make him Confess he can see, or I'll make him Blind in Earnest.

*Gus. Jun.* But hark'e *Pedro*, 'tis ten to one but you find a *French* fellow there, that pretends to be an Oculist, but is indeed a Scoundrel, prithee take care to keep him in discourse till I come, for I'll be there within less than an hour; and let it be your care to deliver this Letter to the Daughter.

*Ped.* Why look you now, did not I tell you there would be something of Pimping in the End of this business: Well, Sir, let me alone for the performance of all.

*Gus. Jun.* Go make haste about it then; you'll find your Equipage at my Lodging.

*Ped.* I go, Sir, your humble Servant Pimp and Physician. (*Exit Ped.*)

*Gus. Jun.* Now Fortune, if thou wouldst befriend a Lover, smile on this just design, to make me happy: Ha! who comes here? by Heaven my Father, there's no avoiding him, blest me how he reels!

*Enter Gus. Sen. Drunk.*

*Gus. Sen.* *And he, he that is given to doat  
On Womans inconstancy,  
I would not be in his Coat  
For a great deal of ready Money.*

Well said, old *Jemmy*, merry be thy Heart old Boy, who the Devil can pretend to be happier than thou art? Now have I a Head as full as any Plotter's, and a Pocket as Empty.

*Gus. Jun.* So, so, I'm like to have a very fine time on't, s'life, I must find some way to get from him, I shall ruin my whole design else.

*Gus. Sen.* Who comes there, what are you a Turk or a Christian? are you for *Bacchus* or *Mahomet*, ye Dog you?

*Gus. Jun.* I am for any thing that you are for, Sir.

*Gus. Sen.* Who's there *Jemmy*, my nown Boy *Jemmy*, come hither *Sirrah*.

*Gus. Jun.* Yes, Sir.

*Gus. Sen.*

*Gus. Sen.* Look'e, I am your Father, Sirrah, and you my Son, Sirrah, and when you are married to old *Bond's* Daughter, I shall have 300 l. a Year, and you never a Groat, Sirrah.

*Gus. Jun.* No faith, nor you neither in half a Year's time, at this rate——How the Devil shall I get him home? *(Aside.)*

*Gus. Sen.* O *Jemmy*, I have been very unfortunate to day, I pick'd up a couple of Grave Friars, thinking to have spent the day so sober, and as Gad shall save me, one borrow'd my Money, and t'other left me in pawn for the Reckoning.

*Gus. Jun.* Really Sir, I am very sorry for your misfortune, and wish I cou'd perswade you to go home and sleep.

*Gus. Sen.* Sleep! why you Whelp and Bacon, do you take your Father for a Sot, Sirrah? I'd have you to know Rogue, I understand better things than to go to Bed before the taste of my Wine be out of my mouth: Besides, who gave you Authority to give me Rules to walk by, if you go to that, Hangdog.

*Gus. Jus.* I hope you are not angry, Sir.

*Gus. Sen.* You Malapert Rascal, how dare you take the Priviledge of hoping any thing: I say, I am angry, damnable angry, and he that dare say to the contrary, is a Son of a Whore, though born of my own Mother.

*Gus. Jun.* I am very sorry for't, Sir, if you are Angry.

*Gus. Sen.* That's as I shall think fit too, Sir, for I will have none sorry when I am glad, nor no Man glad when, I am Joyful.

*Gus. Jun.* Good Sir, go home.

*Gus. Sen.* Ay, into your Guts if you pretend to give me Council any longer, Sirrah: Get you gone out of my sight, you young Phlegmatick Puppy, get you gone.

*Gus. Jun.* I shou'd be loath to disobey you, Sir.

*( Offers to go. )*

*Gus. Sen.* Hold, Jackanapes, come back again, did not I tell you Jackadandy, that I was left in Pawn at the Tavern, and did not I give you to understand, that I had not one soufe in my Pocket? there's five Crowns to pay, Sirrah, how the Devil do you think I shall be able to pay it?

*Gus. Jun.* How wou'd you have done, Sir, if you had not lit of me?

*Gus. Sen.* Why Sirrah, I wou'd have gone back again and drank 'till some Soldier under *Bacchus* Banner had come to my relief, you Scoundrel.

*Gus. Jun.* Well, Sir, there's ten Crowns, and I hope you'l be so Careful of your Reputation, as to go back immediately and pay it. I have a little earnest business, or I wou'd wait upon you thither.

*Gus. Sen.* No, no, 'tis no great matter *Jemmy*, I can go very well my self: Well, I swear *Jemmy*, thou win'st my heart more and more every hour: Bu'y *Jemmy*, go about thy business Child, be sure don't stay out late, and pray my Child come home sober, for there's nothing recommends a Man more than a good Reputation among his Neighbours.

*Gus. Jun.*

*Gul. Jun.* I shall take care to follow your Instructions in that point, I assure you, Sir. (*Exit Gul. Jun.*)

*Gul. Sen.* So, now am I pretty well stock'd for to-morrow, but how the Devil shall I dispose of my self, 'tis too soon to go home, and besides, I shall never Sleep well, if I go to Bed sober: Let me see, I have not done a Pious Charitable act this great while, I will begin just now, and go visit this blind Puppy that has lapt up my Estate, if I should chance to find him making his Will, who knows but ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ Lamentable Condition, it may peirce like a Spear through the tough hide of his Conscience, and make him leave me something to drink to his good Passage.: But for fear the dismal Object should make me Melancholly, I will Sing all the way, to keep my self in good Humour.

(Sings.) *There was two Cats sat on a Well,  
The one Cat she fell in,  
But the Cat that sat by,  
Wept bitterly  
Because that Cat was the other Cats Cousin Germin.\**  
(*Exit.*)

SCENE a Chamber, Chairs and a Table.

*Enter Bond and Peter.*

*Bond.* So *Peter*, set me down, give me the Keys, you are sure all the Chambers are lock'd up.

*Pet.* Yes, Sir, and there are all the Keys except my young Mistress.

*Bond.* Where is she?

*Pet.* In her Chamber, Sir.

*Bond.* Bid her come down to me.

*Pet.* She can't go out, Sir.

*Bond.* Not out, Sir, why so, Sir?

*Pet.* I can't tell the reason, Sir, but my Lady lock'd her in, and took the Key with her while you were asleep, and went out to fetch the French Doctor to you.

*Bond.* What the Devil, have not I Servants enough in the House, but she must needs go her self?



*Pet.* Sir, she had sent them out of several Errants before, there's none left in the House but me.

*Bond.* O Lord, O Lord, here's some damn'd design or other hatching, I shall be robb'd: *Peter*, take this Key, and bring that Cabinet in that stands in the next Chamber.

*Pet.* Yes, Sir,

(*Exit. Peter.*)

*Bond.* I'll take care to prevent her making you any more Presents, I have sent my Gold to the Bankers, that's safe enough I'll warrant her; why what a miserable Condition have I brought my self too, I dare not pretend to see e'm, for if I do, they'll discover me to the Duke, and then all I have is forfeited, besides five Years Imprisonment, and the cunning Devils are so subtle in their Discourse, that there's nothing to be gather'd from that: If it were possible I could but any ways make an Interest now with Seignior *Hernando*, my business were done, but that can never be, for a Pox on him he's my sworn Enemy — and then too, he'll expect his own Mortgage back again, which is almost as bad as t'other.

*Enter Peter with a Cabinet.*

Who's there, *Peter*?

*Pet.* Yes, Sir, 'tis I.

*Bond.* Hast thou brought the Casket, *Peter*?

*Pet.* Yes.

*Bond.* Set it down there then: Well I'm resolv'd here will I sleep, till I can find some way or other to secure my self. (*Knocks at the door.*)

*Peter, Peter*, go see who knocks.

*Pet.* 'Tis my Lady I suppose, Sir.

*Bond.* Pray go let her Ladiship in then. (*Exit Peter. Re-enter with Ped.*)

*Pet.* Sir, here's one come from the Duke to speak with you.

*Bond.* How, from the Duke, bless me, what can his Message mean.

*Ped.* Save you, Sir.

*Bond.* And you, Sir.

*Ped.* I have something to say to you in private, Sir.

*Bond.* *Peter*, go down and look after the door.

(*P. Exit.*)

Now, Sir, your business.

*Ped.* Do you know me, Sir.

*Bond.* Not by your voice, Sir.

*Ped.* Do you know me by sight, Sir.

*Bond.* I Don't know what I might do if I could see, Sir.

*Ped.* See me, Sir, why, what the Devil are you blind?

*Bond.* Blind!

*Bond.* Blind ! why, Sir, are you come of a Message from the Duke, and yet ask that Question.

*Ped.* Look ye Seignior, I am very well satisfied, that his Grace does believe you can't see, but then again he has nothing but your bare word for't : I that have made the business of the Eyes my study, have obtained a Commission from the Duke, to make an Experiment upon you, and by that means satisfy him whether you can see or no.

*Bond.* See or no, why, does his Grace imagine I take a Pleasure in walking in the Dark, when I have had the Blessing of light so many Years ?

*Ped.* That you best know, but in the mean time I must follow my Commission.

*Bond.* Why what do you intend to do with me ?

*Ped.* I am order'd to take out both Eyes, and dessect 'em, if you cannot see they'll be no loss to you, if you can, you deserve to be so serv'd for offering to trick the Duke and State.

*Bond.* Bless me, Sir, both my Eyes ?

*Ped.* So my Commission runs, but because I'll save you a great deal of pain, and my self a great deal of trouble, I'll be contented at present with one, only for an Experiment.

*Bond.* Mercy on me, an Eye.

*Ped.* An Eye, ay, a Nose, if I thought there was any defect in't. Come, Sir, are you ready ?

*Bond.* Ready, Sir, I'll not part with my Eyes as bad as they are, I can't find by what Law the Duke can send for my Eyes out of my head.

*Ped.* What, Sir, will you dispute the Duke's Commands ?

*Bond.* Ay marry will I, in this case, Sir ; What a pox, at this rate I shall have the Duke send for my Teeth out of my Head, and so starve me. (*Knocks at the door*) Ha, Heaven be prais'd, some body's come to my relief, I hope : 'Sheart the French Doctor's an Angel to this Fellow.

*Enter Lucy, Mounseur, and Peter.*

*Lucy.* Bless me, *Monsf.* what shall we do, this Fellow will certainly spoil our design.

*Monsf.* Me vil cut his Trote first.

*Lucy.* Who have you got with you there Husband ?

*Bond.* The Devil I believe, my dear, prithee look if he has not got Cloven Feet and Sawcer Eyes.

*Monf.* The Diab!e ! Hark ye *Monsieur*, vat are you ?

*Ped.* A Physician.

*Monf.* And dat be next kin to de Diab!e ; but come, vat is your business here vid mine Patient, *Monsieur Diab!e Physician* ?

*Pedro.* Sir, I am sent from the Duke.

*Bond.* He lies, he lies, don't mind one word he says, he would have cut my Throat and Rob'd me.

*Lucy.* O wicked Villain, lay hands on him, *Peter*.

*Ped.* Lay hands of me, you Scoundrels, (*Peter and Mounf. seize Pedro*) What seize the Duke's Physician ? Harkye Rogue's, you'll all be hang'd, that's certain.

*Monf.* Come, come, bind him fast.

*Ped.* Help, help, murder, murder.

*Monf.* O by gar me vil stop your dam bawling presant : Here put dis into his Mout. (*They gag him.*)

*Ped.* Aw, aw, aw.

*Bond.* Aw, aw : The Devil aw you, he's put me into such a trembling, I shan't recover it this Twelvemonth.

*Lucy.* Come, my dear, will you lie down upon the Couch, the Mounf. is come to apply something to your Eyes ?

*Bond.* Prithee my dear, don't talk on't. I have been frighted so terribly with that damnable Fellow there, that the very naming of Eyes, goes to the Heart of me.

*Lucy.* Indeed my dear, it must be done. *Peter*, go you to the Rialto, tell the Senator *Mountano*, I'll wait upon him immediately, and d'ye here, stay with him till I come.

*Pet.* I will, Madam.

(*Exit.*)

*Bond.* What the Devil is my Wife's damnable design in clearing the House at this rate.

*Lucy.* That's the Casket where his Jewels are, there's to the value of 60000 Crowns; his Gold is all in his Bankers hands; but there's enough to do our business, while I hold him in discourse, do you slip away with that, I'll meet you in less than an hour at the Ship, and then hoist Sails to a new Plantation.

*Monf.* Let a me alone, and by gar when we have got from your sight, de gran Daible take me ven you see me next. (*Aside.*)

*Lucy.* Well, my Chicken, I have perswaded the Mounf. to forbear you till to morrow, seeing you are not in a Condition to have any thing done to you to day, he's gone away, but very sullen to see his Art so neglected. (*While this is speaking Mounf. gets the Cabinet and is going off.*)

*Bond.* O bless me, deliver me, I can hold no longer, Help, Murder, Murder.

{ *As the Mounf. is just at the door, Peter rushes in and throws him down, being followed by Gus. Sen. with his Sword.*

*Lucy.* Mer-

*Lucy.* Mercy on me, what's the matter ?

*Per.* Why, Madam, just as I open'd the door to go to the *Rialto* as you had order'd me, that Drunken Russian rush'd in, and if I had not been nimbler than he, I believe he wou'd have stuck me.

*Lucy.* But what made you cry out so Husband ?

*Bond.* O my dear, I had something of a sudden so offensive to my Eyes, that I was not able to bear it. Heaven be prais'd Providence is of my side, and has sent fresh succour to my relief.

*Lucy.* Well, Mr. *Royster*, what's your business here ?

*Gus. Sings.* *I have a Mistriss that is Fair  
And as sweet as Sugar-candy,  
Had I ten thousand pounds a Year,  
I'd give her half a Pint of Brandy.*

*Gus. Sen.* And let me tell you, Madam, King *David* cou'd not have made a better Present to the Queen of *Barshaba*.

*Lucy.* 'S life, Monsieur, we must serve him as we have done the t'other, or we shall never accomplish our designs.

*Monf.* Let me alone, Monsieur pray put up your Sword, be gar it be noa like the Cavalier to fright de fair Lady.

*Gus. Sen.* Put up my Sword, well, Sir, so I will, what a Pox I hope I understand when to sheath my Weapon as well as another man, as old as I am. But where's old *Cupid*, where is that little notable blind Archer ?

*Sings.* *Little Boy, Pretty Boy, what's thy name term'd,  
That thou dost wear a Bow and go so Arm'd ?*

*Monf.* Monsieur, me must beg your Pardon, me must intreat your absence for some time.

*Gus. Sen.* You intreat my absence, what are you, you French Puppy you ? Sirrah, you are one of those bloody-minded Rogues, that murder poor Protestants, and put 'em into Powdering-tubbs, you Bitch you. But hark'e old Sophister, how the Devil came you in this pickle, like the Picture of *Homer*.

*Bond.* Ah Seignior, this is barbarous to triumph over my misfortunes.

*Gus. Sen.* Why this is all along of your Roguery, if you had not given your mind to cheating such honest fellows as my self, you might have had the pleasure of seeing your Money still, for that's all the use you made of it.

*Bond.* Ah,

*Bond.* Ah, Seignior, I know, I have been to blame, but for pitties sake, let me hear no more of it,

*Lucy.* Peter, you may go where I order'd you, I find this old Fellow has more Drink than Harm in him. *(Exit Pet.)*

*Guf. Sen.* Well-old Beetle, I will spare thee, and to shew thee that I have a heart full of Compassion, since thou hast neither Eyes nor Moisture, I will Mourn and Weep for thee. *(Mourns.)*

*Lucy.* Now Monsieur. *(Monsieur trips him up, and binds his hands behind him.)*

*Guf. Sen.* Hey day, what's the matter? What the Devil am I enchanted, I came in with two hands I'm sure, what ever is become of 'em? Well, 'tis no great matter, I'll e'en go to sleep, that I main't think of my loss. *(lies down.)*

*Monf.* Garzoon, now be my very good time.

*Bond.* O Lord, he's going, he's going, I'll hang rather than lose a 100000 Crowns: Stay thou Villain, thou Miscreant, thou common Highway-robber. *(Stops him.)*

*Lucy.* What I find you can see then Husband?

*Bond.* Yes, thou eternal she Devil, I can see, as you shall find to your sorrow.

*Lucy.* Alas, I knew it, and made use of this way on purpose to try your Patience.

*Bond.* No, no, thou intire piece of Whores-flesh, that shan't serve your turn; the Law makes it Death for an intention to Steal, and I'll take care to hang you, whatever becomes of me.

*Monf.* Nay begar, if you proclaim open War, have at you, garzoon. *(Throws him down.)*

*Bond.* O help, help.

*Lucy.* Stop his mouth, stop his mouth, *Monf.*

*Bond.* O dear Wife, save my Life, and take all I have.

*Lucy.* Bind him fast Monsieur, bind him fast.

*Monf.* Ah, Jerry, let me alone.

*Enter Peter hastily.*

*Pet.* O Madam, undone, undone.

*Lucy.* What's the matter?

*Pet.* I had no sooner open'd the Door, but there rushed in a Gentleman, with a whole train of the Dukes Officers, and are just coming up Stairs: See they are here already.

*Enter*



*Enter Guz. Jun. with Officers.*

*Guz. Jun.* Seize on 'em Officers.

*Lucy.* Oh Monsieur, we're undone.

*Monf.* By gar me have de Halter about my Neck, O Morblew, vat a sad spectacle sal I make.

*Ped.* Aw, aw, aw.

*Guz. Jun.* Blefs me, what's here to do, unbind 'em quickly; who's this that sleeps so sound, by all that's good, my Father, how in the name of Goodness came he here?

*Ped.* Ah you French Dog, let me come at him, let me come at him.

*Guz. Jun.* Hold, hold a little *Pedro*.

*Ped.* A rogue, I'll talk with you presently Sirrah, and here's another old Rascal too, that pretended himself blind, and can see as well as I can.

*Guz. Jun.* How! can you see, Sir?

*Lucy.* Yes, that he can, he own'd it to us all just now, I'm resolv'd I will have some revenge however.

*Bond.* Indeed, Sir, I can't deny but I lost my Eyes to save some Money, and if I had not found 'em again, I had lost all.

*Guz. Jun.* Nay, that you will however, you are not ignorant what punishment the State has provided for Impostures.

*Bond.* Ay, Sir, I am too sensible of it, but, Sir, pray one word in Private, you have often pretended Love to my Daughter, and I have as often rejected it; I know you have an Interest in Seignior *Hernando*, and he can do what he pleases with the Duke, do but contrive that I may obtain Pardon for this offence, and I will not only give you my Daughter, with the Portion her Grandfather left her, but I will freely surrender back to your Father the Mortgage of his Estate.

*Guz. Jun.* I must confess you've touch'd me now indeed, where is your Daughter.

*Bond. Peter*, run, break open my Daughters Chamber door, bid her come hither presently. (*Exit Peter.*) That admirable Mother-in-Law lock'd her up, I suppose with a design to rob me, murder her, and somarch off with her charming Monsieur there.

*Enter Serena.*

*Ser.* O my dear *Gusman*!

*Guz. Jun.* My beloved *Serena*: now, Sir, your promise; give this Jewel to me, and I'll engage your Pardon from the Duke.

*Bond.* I

*Bond.* I do it with more pleasure than I shall take to see those two Insatiate Devils walk to the Gallows together.

*Seren.* My Dear, let me intreat my Mother's Pardon, tho she be ill, she is kin to me.

*Gus. Jun.* Canst thou ask any thing, and be deny'd? she shall not suffer, but must be contented, to end her days in some Religious House.

*Lucy.* Where I will spend my time in Cursing you.

*Gus. Jun.* But for this fellow, he shall have pleasure, to tug an Oar, the Gallies want such Vermin, look to him Officers. *(Exit led off.)*

*Ped.* Pray, Sir, let me have the Charge of him, I'll hang for him if he escapes me.

*Gus. Jun.* Sir, Sir, how can you sleep midst so much Joy, Sir, Sir.

*Gus. Sen.* Let me alone, I am resolv'd never to wake till you give me my Lands again.

*Gus. Jun.* You have 'em, Sir, pray wake.

*Gus. Sen.* Cud's me, and so I have, who's there *Jemmy*, prithee how cam'st thou here, and such a Crow'd about thee? Heyday, with thy Millress too, what art thou Married *Jemmy*?

*Gus. Jun.* We are joyn'd by Heaven, and by her Father, Sir, and now desire your Blessing.

*Gus. Sen.* Heav'n bless thee: But don't forget the 200 l. a year *Jemmy*?

*Gus. Jun.* You will have no occasion for it, Sir, your own Estate will be surrender'd you.

*Gus. Sen.* How? my own Estate, what my 1500 a year?

*Bond.* Ay marry shall it, Sir, here's my hand for't.

*Gus. Sen.* Why then Heaven send thee thy Eyes again.

*Bond.* I never was without 'em make me thankful.

*Gus. Sen.* Nay, nay, thou wer't always a cheating Rogue, that I must needs say for thee.

*Gus. Jun.* Come my *Serena*, now I'm truly Blest, let's to the Priest, and when our hands are joyn'd, I'll to my Friend, and get thy Father's Pardon. This is the happiest day of all my Life.

*Bond.* And mine thank Heav'n, for I have lost my Wife. *(Ex. omnes.)*

The End of the Fourth A C T.

A C T.

## ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, a Garden: Enter Hernando.

*Hern.* **T**He Court is full of Joy, Mirth flows about, Masques are prepar'd, and every one seems Happy, but I who ought to have the largest share, sit like a sullen Fiend 'mongst Choirs of Angels, as if I envied 'em their vast delight, what can this mean, my Soul is on the Rack, and yet I cannot give a reason for it. Where are those mighty pleasures I propos'd in the Embraces of the Charming Bride? they're vanish'd, I have lost the glittering dream, and walk to Horror and Eternal Darkness.

*Lightning from under the Stage, and a Fiery Figure flies up.*

Ha! what was that, something went glazing by me, it had the Form of *Adam* wrap'd in Fire? Oh, that cursed Fiend, 'tis he disturbs my Joys, that fatal Contract ruins soul and body; what have I done, why, why I marry, why have I made the Innocent *Marcella* a wretched part of my World of woes? see where she comes, that pretty blooming whom I pluck'd untimely from the stalk, and now 'twill drop.

*Enter Marcella.*

*Mar.* My dear Love, why have you left the Company so strangely? when the Court seems nothing but delight, when every one is wrapped in Joy and Pleasure, do you, the happy cause of all our Triumphs, fly thence as if you envied us the blessing?

*Hern.* Why dost thou wrong me? by my Love I swear, I have no Content, but what is placed in thee; and sure hereafter I shall find no pleasure greater than I possess in these dear Arms.

*Mar.* I do not flatter me, you cannot Love me and be thus sad upon your Marriage; may be you are troubled that you are match'd so high, and think perhaps my birth will make me proud, indeed I'll be a very humble Wife, or if you think I marry not for Love

G

but

but only in Obedience to my Uncle, I will convince you by such tender proofs, you shall acknowledge none can Love beyond me.

*Her.* Otender Innocence, I do not doubt thee, I know thy Beauty cannot shrowd a falshood, where is my Royal Uncle?

*Marc.* In the Garden, viewing the Fountains that are newly made, and waits for you to see 'em.

*Her.* I'll go with you: O my *Marcella*, prithee do not chide me. There's something troubles me, a heavy load lies on my heart, but by thy Charming self, I cannot guess from whence the cause proceeds, unless the sudden Joy I find in thee, has overpowered my Spirits.

*(As they are going off, Artan rises in a horrid shape, Her. starts back)*

*Marc.* Why do you start my Love and tremble thus? What is't your Eyes are fixt on?

*Her.* I had forgot; I cannot go with you, 'tis near the hour I am to make a great account with Heaven, and solitude is fittest for Devotion, that done, you shall behold me full of Joy, or everlasting Sorrow, prithee leave me.

*Marc.* I know my duty and I will obey you. But stay not long.

*(Exit Marc.)*

*Her.* Not long, unless for ever. Tell me thou Gorgeon, that has made me stone, whence or what art thou?

*Art. Artan.*

*Her.* No.

*Art.* The same.

*Her.* Why com'st thou?

*Art.* To inform thee, this moment is thy last: You must with me.

*Her.* My time's not yet expired.

*Art.* Deluded Fool, thou had'st no time but what was in my Will, I might have cut thy Brittle Thread of Life the very moment that this deed was sign'd; look there and see what time's allowed thee, and Curse thy self for thy unthinking folly.

*Her.* May I believe my Eyes, O wretched Fool, how hast thou plunged thy self into perdition, this was the fatal blow my heart prefiged, and this the wretched end of all my Joys! O dismal Marriage night! Unhappy Bridegroom! must then thy Bridal Bed be Sulphurous flames, and Fiends perform thy Hymencial rites? instead of my *Marcella's* soft Embraces, must Lashing Furies Clasp me in their Arms? O thou great injur'd power I have Offended, strike, strike me

me to the Center, and make my Soul as Mortal as my Body.

*Art.* Leave off your Idle Prayers, or by that power I serve, and you are ty'd to Worship, thou sha't not tread the Earth a moment longer.

*Her.* Fiend thou li'st, thou that not dare to touch me, what power hadst thou to Buy or I to Sell, that which was none of my own, I had no Soul at my dispose, for it was bought before, bought, at a Rate so high, that the whole World weighs not a Grain of the vast price was paid for't.

*Art.* This will not save you, since you have free-will, and by that free will thus, as'twas sign'd to me. I do expect performance of the Deed.

*Her.* Shall the bare setting of my name condemn me? how many Wretches, in their Lust and Riots, have made a gift, seal'd firm with Implications? Wretches for Perjury, and foul Extortion, make by their Crimes a Deed as strong as mine: Nay even the murderer, whose purple stains fix to his Soul, and mark it with Damnation, and true Penitent Tears, 'tis Cleansed and Whiten'd for a brighter Being.

*Art.* Fool, I'll not give thee Leisure to Repent, nor sha't thou have a moment more to breath, by all the Ashy Treasuries of death, I have not power to stir, what can this mean, he bears some holy relick sure about him, or he is fix'd on Consecrated ground. Come from that place.

*Her.* No infernal, never, perhaps the ground is Sacred that I tread on, if so, I will not stir, but rooted fast, I'll stand a Monument of true Devotion, and here exprie in prayers.

*Art.* Slave, I'll blast thee.

*Her.* Thou art the Slave, not I. A Sacred inspiration fills my Soul, and bids me dare thy worst, ha! Let me think the very day, on which my Father dy'd, his Confessor, Physition of his Soul come to me, and delivered me a Paper, which I have wore ever since next my heart: My Son, said he, take this, and when thou find'st thou art upon the very brink of ruin, open that Paper and thou'lt find inclos'd that which will make thy Enemies fly from thee: now is the time, I'm just upon the Brink, and here before me stands my greatest Enemy; thus then I break the seal, and thus unfold the Sacred mystery.

*Art.* Tempest, Lightning, Thunder, Plagues seize thy Marrow, give me back the Contract.

*Her.* No, I will tear it to as many peices as thou hast ruin'd Souls. Avant cursed Tempter, hence to thy native Hell, and howl in flames.



*Art.* Perdition, Furies, why am I thus fool'd, I shall be made the sport of every Fiend, and hooted through each Region, they will make me the very Owl of Hell, to sculk in Corners, and every meager Ghost will Chatter at me. I cannot bear the thought, Convulsions gnaw thee.

*Aches contract thy Bones, that thou may'st know*

*As great a Plague above as I shall find below.*

( Thunders and sinks.

*Her.* 'Tis done, the Victory's obtain'd at last, and I will bravely keep the field I've won, I'll fix to this Sacred standard on my heart, and never fear success under this Banner.

*Enter Duke, Marcella, Gusman Senior, Gusman Junior, Bond, Pedro, &c.*

*Duke.* Nephew, have you got done your Contemplations? you look more Gay and Lively than you did, I do suppose it was your excess of Joy, that over-power'd your Spirits.

*Her.* I confess, my breast is full of Joy; O my *Marcella*, forgive me that my Soul could harbour sadness upon this day, but I'll convince my Fair one, that I had than as great a cause of Sorrow as now I have for Pleasure.

*Marc.* My dear Lord, my Joy or Grief does all depend on you, and when you're Pleas'd I'm Happy.

*Duke.* See Nephew, here's more visitors to see you, and one that has but newly found his Eyes, he took a happy day to make his Peace in thee, which at the intreaty of your Friend I have Granted.

*Her.* Your Goodness makes me more your humble debtor; my Friend I wish you Joy, for I perceive a cheerfulness, that says you have gain'd your wishes.

*Gus. Jun.* I have gain'd all I wish.

*Gus. Sen.* I have got my Estate again, and now I want nothing but a longer Lease of Life, that I might have time enough to spend it again.

*Her.* Signior *Bond*, I hope you'll live hereafter with more Justice, believe me, 'tis the surest way to thrive. There's a small reckoning betwixt you and me, but I forgive you freely.

*Bond.* Sir, I thank, and will make it my whole Life's study to deserve your Favour.

*Her.* Now for thee, honest *Pedro*.

*Ped.* Good lack, I was afraid you had forgot me. 'Tis a Plaguy trick you Courtiers have got never to Remember past services.

*Duke.* Fear not *Pedro*, I'll see thee prefer'd.

*Ped.* I thank your Grace.

*Duke.* Come Nephew, seat your self, and you his Friends, the Masque has waited for us.

*Her.* We attend your Grace.

(*They all sit.*)

*The Scene changes to a Beautiful Garden, &c.*

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## ENDIMION The Man in the Moon. A MASQUE.

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### *A Scene of Fountains.*

ENDIMION *Sleeping on a Bank.*

*Menalcas, Dorus, Damon, Alexis with other Shepherds and some Shepherdesses are discover'd, and some of them Dancing.*

*Men.* **C**ome Shepherds, 'tis Night, and our Flocks are in Fold,  
Come Dorus and Damon, we'll haste from the Cold,  
To Coridon's Cottage we'll go,  
There the Liquor does merrily flow.

*Do.* Stay Menalcas, prethee stay,  
Endimion us'd to come this way,  
Let us for Endimion stay,

*Cho.* Let us for Endimion stay,

*Dam.* Endimion's Flocks all go astray,  
Their Master strays as much as they,  
For yon Bright Moon Endimion sighs,  
For her he fondly pines and dies,  
Pitty poor Endimion's pain,  
Poor Endimion ! hopeless Swain !

*Cho.*

Cho. Poor Endimion! *hopeless Swain!*

Alex. *Why should not a Lover*

*This Whining-give over,*

*Since nothing but sorrow it yields.*

Dor. Rich Egon's Brown Daughter,

*Has made my Mouth Water,*

*But by Pan, not for her, but her Flock and her Fields.*

*See yonder he lies*

*Sleep closes his Eyes,*

*I'll wake him — —*

Alex. No Dorus, no, let him alone,

*I'll wake him — —*

No Dorus, no let him Sleep on,

*Sleep is the Lovers only Ease,*

*By Sleep, of quiet he pertrakes,*

*Gay Dreams of Bliss, his Fancy please,*

*But when they fly, Dispair awakes:*

*To those short Joys the Swain we'll leave,*

*The only Comfort, we can give.*

Chorus.

*To Corydon's Cottage we'll go,*

*There the Liquor does merrily flow.*

[Exit.

Cupid Descends.

*Sleep Shepherd, till thou wak'st in Joy,*

*I've kindly wounded Cynthia's Heart,*

*Let coming Bliss thy Thoughts Employ,*

*She comes to Sooth, thy raging smart,*

*Sleep Shepherd till thou wak'st in Joy.*

Endi. *She comes, my Goddess come, — I dream — —*

*'Tis not for waking Eyes*

*To see such wondrous Joys,*

*Joys like my Mighty Love, extream,*

*All Heaven is round me, — O, I Dream!*

Cynthi

Cynthia.

*Awake Endimion, from above  
Thy Cynthia comes to Crown thy Love.*

Endimion.

*Oh I dream!*

*Sleep does my wishing Soul deceive,  
I wou'd, but dare not Believe.*

*I Dream!*

Cynthia.

*In thy soft Dreams true Joys appear;  
Awake, and see thy Cynthia here.*

*Endimion Starts and Catches her in his Arms.*

*She's here, I have my Goddess here.*

*Cynthia and Endimion come in Attended by  
a Train of Stars her Concomitants.*

Cynthia.

*Here, here, we'll Reign in full Delight,  
And thou Swain shalt Rule the Night.*

Endi. *Happy Beings here conceal*

*All the Pleasures, which they steal,  
'Tis the Scandal makes the Fault,  
Still she's Chaste who such is thought,  
Love's delights are always sweet,  
But when Secret, Sweeter yet.  
Happy Being, &c.*

*To the Grand Chorus Cynthia's Celestial  
Attendants repeat the last Six Lines.*

*F I N I S.*

Cho. Poor Endimion! *hopeless Swain!*

Alex. *Why should not a Lover*

*This Whining give over,*

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Happy Being, &c.*

*To the Grand Chorus Cinthia's Celestial  
Attendants repeat the last Six Lines.*

*F I N I S.*

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